

## you scratch my back, i'll bite yours by hoppnhorn

**Series:** [oh to be young \(and greek\)](#) [1]

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**Summary:**

Billy rushes Steve's fraternity and gets in, which sucks, only when it doesn't. Drunk Steve has a hard time staying away from what isn't good for him.

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### Author's Note:

originally posted as a response to [a prompt](#) Enjoy!

Steve is a proud omega. He doesn't particularly *like* what he is but he sure as shit isn't *ashamed* of himself. He doesn't wear blockers or take suppressants either. It's not his fault his body is *designed* to make alphas go absolutely apeshit. Consent is still consent and he takes absolutely *no* bullshit when it comes to that. He's not a puny little boy, Steve Harrington. He's an adult man who can give as good as he gets in a fight. Sure, he might not have a *stellar* win to lose ratio, but he's not going to roll over and just let an alpha slip him a dick. Nah. When he has sex, it's on his terms. And he will *mate* when he's good and ready. Not a minute earlier.

His sophomore year he rushes the Omega Beta Alpha frat on campus. They preach tolerance and equal treatment of alpha, beta and omega alike. They preach respect and boundaries. Brotherhood. Steve likes it there, until the next semester when Billy Hargrove rushes the same frat.

Billy is a douchebag. But no matter what Steve says, his brothers agree to let him join. They *like* Billy and really, that's just annoying. Steve can barely stand to be around someone so fucking *cocky* and the guy is posturing every twelve seconds.

Steve can't stand him. Actually, he can. He just doesn't like admitting that he's always *wanted* Billy. He's always wondered what it would have been like if Billy hadn't been a chicken in high school and, instead of pushing him down, had sunk his teeth into Steve's neck and fucked him senseless. He's dreamt about it. Fantasized actually. And maybe that's why he *hates* that Billy still rolls his big, stupid tongue around in his mouth when he makes even the *slightest* bit of eye contact across the room. Because he wants that fat tongue in the worst way.

Billy makes it into OBA. Steve hates him. They live in the same house and Steve does his *best* to steer clear of Billy because, really, the last

thing he needs is his slick acting up and giving away that he's totally *jonesing* for some of that alpha cock. Not just any alpha cock either, that *Hargrove* alpha cock and, honestly, that's *bad*. He stays far away.

Until he isn't staying away because maybe he's a little drunk and Billy's bedroom is only a couple doors down and *damn* he can smell him without even *trying*. So suddenly he's standing at Billy's door and he's knocking and Billy's not answering and that's *odd* because he could have sworn he smelled him in there.

He opens the door, without asking, because *drunk* Steve doesn't make good decisions. Drunk, horny, curious Steve is worse.

He walks into a dark bedroom hissing for Billy while his eyes adjust and then there's this *scent*. It's *gorgeous*. Like a freaking pastry had sex with a steak and had a litter of babies *amazing*. He barely gets inside the room before he's stumbling to a stop and nearly tripping on a rug. The door slams behind him and he's in *complete* darkness when a voice snarls, "What the actual *fuck* do you think you're doing, Harrington?"

He can't see Billy but obviously the guy is there like some kind of weirdo, hiding in a pitch black room by himself when the rest of the house is out hitting the bars. How keg king Billy is missing out is a big *mystery* until suddenly it's *not*; Steve gets another whiff of that amazing smell and he's drooling on himself. He'd blame the beer but he's not *that* good of a liar.

"I thought I smelled something..." He steps towards the ambiguous location of Billy's person and catches a glimpse of something sparkly. Billy's earring, glinting off of some miraculous light somewhere. His eyes slowly adjust and he sees the way Billy's pressed up against the door, like he's *guarding his back*. "You okay, Hargrove?" He asks as he steps a little closer. An alarm bell is going off in the back of his head because he *really* doesn't know why he's still in *Billy's* room but it's a seriously *bad idea*. The guy is an alpha. A piece of shit, aggressive, sexy alpha.

"You need to go." Billy croaks out. "Who just walks into someone else's bedroom—"

Steve's as hard as a rock at this point. Cock throbbing and demanding attention at the front of his jeans and it's slowly starting to occur to him that he's been *hard* the entire time. Like, the second he could smell Billy in the hallway he'd been throbbing and letting his dick lead him around like a puppet on a string so he stares down at it, thinks for a moment. He feels like there's a fog in his head that he can't seem to clear.

"Jesus, what part of *get out* do you not understand, asshole?"

"The part where you didn't say *anything* when I knocked in the first place—" He can't help it. He *can't help himself*. Billy is the source of that *incredible* smell and he's only a few feet away so Steve stumbles closer, inhales, can taste that savory goodness on his tongue. "My *god* what is th—"

"Get *away* from me." Billy growls, presses back against the door and Steve is baffled by the reaction. Billy has beaten Steve into submission before, literally.

"Hargrove—" He's not just confused, he's freaked out by the role reversal. Because, at the end of the day, Steve wouldn't hurt a fly without being provoked. But Billy's acting like he's a big bad alpha with his fangs out, threatening to breed him bloody.

"I'm not some bitch who begs for dick, Harrington. Get out."

Steve blinks. Opens his mouth and closes it like a *dumb puppet*.

"Me either?" He thinks aloud, slurs really. "Why would you..." Steve blinks, looks around the room. His sight is *finally* starting to catch up though his brain clearly hasn't. There are bottles of water in a grocery bag on the floor and two fans blowing cold air and the blinds are nearly *taped* closed."Wait." He sees the towel discarded on the bed. Sees the tissues and wet wipes and smells the *blocker diffuser* that has *clearly* run out. "Oh my *god*." His train arrives at the station when he remembers his first heat at school and how nasty he'd felt when he couldn't sneak down the hall to actually use a shower for fear of being jumped on the way. "Oh my *god*." He repeats, like a moron.

"I get it, you didn't know I was an omega." Billy snarls. "Doesn't mean you're not totally posturing by busting in here without an invitation."

"An omega can't posture another omega, you idiot." Steve grouses back, his mouth *goddamn* watering as another wave of Billy's scent fills his head. "You're lucky it was me what smelled you and not one of the alphas, I mean *lock the door next time*—"

"Wait." Billy stands off of the door and Steve can see just how sweaty he is by the way his skin gleams, even in the dark. "You're...an omega?"

"Yeah?" Steve tries on Billy's shitty tone for fun and feels a wave of validation when the guy's head snaps back on his spine in surprise. "Not that it's *any* of your goddamn *business*—"

"Fucking hell, Harrington." Billy is a *lot* closer now, chest rising and falling in rapid succession. "You're not here to make me submit?"

"Uh." That's about as far as his brain gets before Billy is sagging with relief and walking past him, bending down to pluck a water bottle from the bag.

"Christ, here I was thinking you were going to..." Billy unscrews the cap with a loud click and doesn't finish the sentence because *why would he* when Steve is hanging on every word from his mouth.

"What? Try and knot you?"

Billy's shrug is somewhere between a *duh* and a *maybe*.

"I'm not the mating type, Harrington." Billy announces just before he shucks his boxers to the floor, which has Steve staring wide-eyed in complete and utter *shock* because suddenly Billy's dick is all he sees. There's a *lot* to see. "Not gonna let some shitty alpha put his knot in me and act like he owns me."

Steve is still sort of struck stupid when Billy flops back on his bed, gets his hand around his cock and starts to stroke. The *sounds* that follow are just as bad as the visual.

“Uh...” Steve’s brain has a short. Or something. He’s not thinking anything beyond *holy fuck holy fuck holy fuck* and Billy seems to know it. He opens his bedroom eyes and parts his lips and rocks his hips until Steve can smell the precome welling up at his head.

“You gonna join me or what?” Billy asks, eyes falling *pointedly* at the leaping bulge in Steve’s jeans. His cock is all too happy to send a pang of *yes please* right to his balls.

“Wait.” He shuffles closer, shakes his head even though he’s sobering up at an *alarming* rate. “You thought I was an alpha so you were going to kick me out—”

“But you’re not.” Billy moans, arching his *fucking* back as his hand moves faster.

“And now you’re asking me to...” Steve looks at Billy’s cock, sees the shine of slick on his balls and knows all too well that his hole will be wet. Wet and empty and *aching*. “...fuck you?”

“I was going to settle for a few blow jobs but sure, Harrington.” Billy sighs, opens his legs in a *brash* invitation. “Let’s make a night of it.” Steve blinks and wonders if maybe he’s hit his head or something and this is all just a really *demented* dream. “Make up your mind.” Billy grunts out. “But don’t just stand there like a *moron*. Either participate or take a hike.”

He takes off his pants quietly in seconds, kicks them aside and strokes his dick through his boxers before he tugs them down too. The way Billy’s eyes go wide makes him swallow hard.

“Damn, show-er and a grower, huh?” Billy lifts his legs and Steve doesn’t need more of a cue. He leaps onto the bed and settles between Billy’s thick thighs, pushes them back further to get after the exposed, pink hole of Billy’s ass. “*Fuck.*” Billy curses as Steve’s cock brushes over him before he aligns them and sinks in.

It’s not unheard of for omegas to fuck each other. It’s not unheard of for omegas to get turned on by the smell of slick or the hormones of a peer. But the way Steve comes almost immediately inside of Billy borders on *insanity*. He’s so lost to Billy’s scent and heat that he’s

coming so hard he feels dizzy and Billy is clawing at his back, sinking his nails into the tender meat of his hips.

“*More*, Harrington. Keep going.”

When his vision levels out and Steve can actually *see* he realizes that Billy’s coming just as hard, his fist moving at blinding speed as he milks every last drop from his dick. It pools on his stomach, drips down his sides. Steve doesn’t even *need* to slow down before his cock is back to throbbing.

“Jesus.” He’s never orgasmed and kept going. His dick is a traitor and usually softens the second he’s finished but there’s no time for that. Billy’s pheromones are roaring between them and Steve rises to the occasion.

He gets Billy to completion twice before his own orgasm thunders down his spine and makes him scream with release, filling Billy with his sterile come. It’s warm and sticky and smells like sex when he collapses on Billy’s chest, gasping for air.

“Need a water break?” Billy asks, his fingers doing something close to *gentle* on Steve’s spine. He grunts.

Billy seems to take that as a yes, rolling over just a little to reach down to the floor. A second later a room temperature water bottle is being pressed to Steve’s arm and he grabs for it. Misses. Billy snickers and uncaps the thing, probably out of pity, and offers it up.

“Gotta rehydrate you. I need at least another six more rounds.”

“SIX?!” Steve sits up, grimaces at the way his skin had *adhered* to the mess on Billy’s stomach and groans. “Gross.”

The wet wipes appear and Steve rips one free while Billy sighs, lays back on his bed with a smug smile.

“You tellin’ me your heats don’t last twenty four hours like the rest of us?”

Steve tosses the used wipe aside and takes a swig of water. His cock is still nestled inside Billy’s body but it’s a comforting sort of fit. Not

intrusive or sexual, anymore. Warm. Cozy.

When he starts to wipe up Billy's stomach, the guy just watches him.

"I was, uh, tranquilized for my last three heats." Steve murmurs softly. Honestly, being tranq'd during your heat is something only the really *snotty* upperclass do and Steve *knows* that. He'd always quietly slipped away to a facility in the hills, pretended he was running off for a spa weekend instead of a weekend of hormone observation and sedation. "I can't really remember how long they lasted before—"

"Don't tranq next time." Billy interrupts. Their eyes meet and Steve swears there's a little glimmer of promise in them. "You helped me, I'll help you." Then, like his little proclamation was like loaning Steve a video game not his *dick*, Billy shrugs while Steve tosses aside another wipe. "Heat sex is great sex."

Steve lifts his weight, moves to maybe *not* be penetrating Billy while the guy makes him feel like the worlds dumbest *dildo*, when Billy is suddenly locking his legs around Steve's hips. Holding him in place.

"Don't tranq next time." He says again, this time softer. The glimmer is back, but Steve sees it for what it is.

"Yeah." He relinquishes with a little tilt of his lips, settling his cock back in the warmth of Billy's embrace. "Alright."